OUR DONESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Taylor's Trip to Celerado Continued.

THE BERTHOUD PASS.

IN THE HEART OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

ON THE BORDER.

NEW-YORK TO

MENERAL RESOURCES OF THE WEST,

A TRIP TO COLORADO.

MI .- CROSSING THE BERTHOUD PASS.

CAMP IN THE MIDDLE PARK, June 29, 1866. Our plans for the mountain journey had been fixed before leaving Denver, and we adhered to them in spite of warnings and persuasions. Mr. Byers is an accomplished mountaineer, to whom much of the ground is tamiliar, and I preferred taking his advice te that of others who spoke from hearsay, rather than experience. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to cross Berthond Pass, many persons asserted: the hardships of Col. Babcock's party, a fortnight ago, were constantly cited, and the specters of risk and danger, which those who stay at home delight to evoke for those who travel, accompanied us up to the very moment of starting.

At Empire, however, the people contented themselves with predicting that we could not get over the pose in a day-and, indeed, there seemed a strong bability that they were right. White set out at daybreak to corral the horses and mules: we also rose early, washed our-faces in the frosty air, in the midst of a panerama of rose-tinted Alps, took an early "square" breakfast, and tied our equipments in comfortable parcels for packing. But the animals, well enspecting what was before them, refused to be corsalled. First one assistant, then another, was dispatched, until five persons were busy, and nine o'clock had arrived, before there was any prospect of our departure. In the mean time, the landlord produced'a boiled ham, and a tin-kettle full of hot biscuit, which we put into a coffee-bag. "They might ha' been sadder," said he, speaking of the biscuit; "they pack better when they're sad."

Gen. Pierce had set out on his return to Denver, taking with him our "biled skirts and store clothes." We were attired in flannel, and becomingly rough, each with the handle of a tin cup hooked into the button-hole of his coat, his trowsers tucked into huge riding boots, spur on beel and buckskin gloves on hand. By this time White had arrived with the animals-two cute little pack mules, a lean dun mare for myself and a large brown mule for Mr. Beard. The other gentlemen had their own beasts. The packing, strapping and ocher final preparations were done hastly, and by 10 o'clock we were in the saddle. "You'll camp on this side of the pass to-night," said Judge Cowles; and so we fode out of Empire.

I wish we had a word in the English language corresponding to the German "reiselust"-because that word, and none other, expresses the feeling with which one sets out on a journey, in the pure upper air of a mountain region. The flood circulates with nimble alacrity; the lungs expand with a tingling sense of delight; all sights and sounds of nature have a character of cheer and encouragement; life is a most agreeable condition, and one's fellow-men are good fellows, every one of them.

It was a superb day. The wind blew down from the snow-fields, tempering the heat of a dazzling sum in a cloudless sky. The village behind us showed between groups of tall, dark fir-trees; the creek, dammed for a stamp-mill, spread out a bright lake in the lap of the valley, and southward the sharp summit of Montgomery Peak rose high above all the surns. We had still a good wagon

their destiny.

The valley gradually nurrowed, and we entered a defile far grander than anything I had yet sean in the Rocky Mountains. On either side enormous masses of dark-red rock towered over our heads to the hight fifteen hundred feet, so torn and split into colossal towars, walls and buttresses, that every minute presented a new combination of forms. The bed of the glen was filled with huge fragments, tumbled from above. Even here, high up on almost inacterialle foints, the prospectors had left their traces, lured by the indications of ore in cliffs above, to which they dare not climb. Our necks ashed with garing at the sharp sky-piercing summits, in the hope of detecting mountain sheep; but none were to be seen.

up to the head of the valley on the opposite side—in which case, each of these lateral valleys, or rather glens, would be an obstacle still—judging merely by the dye—the difficulty did not seem to be much greater than in the case of the Penesylvania Central, or the Bultimore and Ohio years. or the Baitimore and Ohio roads. What lay beyond the angle of the mountain we were climbing I could not see; but there is certainly valley enough above the foot of the Berthoud-Pass to effect a rise of 1,000 feet, which (with a tunnel three miles in length, cutting off 1,500 feet of elevation), is all that would be

necessary.

Mr. Beard and myself were so moved by the breathless toil of our animals that we dismounted at a safe place, and walked. In five minutes we were in a worse condition than the horses; our knees tottered; our bodies were drenched with sweat, our eyes dim, heads giddy, and lungs utterly collapsed. At every tenth step we were obliged to pause in order to breathe, and after not more than three hundred steps I defied the Society fort he Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and mounted again. I am no light weight, and therefore it was Cruelty to Man (which is worse) to carry one swelf up such a steep. I think we must have climbed in this style for a mile and a half; it seemed interminable. Then the angle of ascent fell off very greatly; the fir forest grew thick around us, ishuting off the view of valley and mountains, and heaps of rotten snow began to appear in shady places. Where the trail had been shoveled out of drifts a month ago, we now rode over moist earth, between dripping, crumbling walls of snow. Another quarter of an hour, and the steeps fell back in front, leaving a lovely Alpine meadow, dotted with clamps of pine, the vivid green of its turf sprinkled with snowy starflowers, and a brook of icy crystal winding through it.

I was delighted when Mr. Byers gave the word to unsaddle. It was barely three-quarters of a mile, he said, to the summit of the Pass: whether we-could cross was still a doubtful matter: and before attemptinged both beasts and men must, be fed. The former were turned loose to graze at will, with their long lariats dragging after them: the latter unhooked the onps from their button-holes, opened the coffee-bags, cut the ham with hunting knives and partook of the biscuit which were not sufficiently "sad." The water of the brook was so intensely cold that it almost made one scream. Yet immediately out of and through it grew clusters of a flower so purely beautiful that we all cried out with admiration on discovering it. Out of a ring, of broadly ovate leaves (under the water) rose seessary.

Mr. Beard and myself were so moved by the breath-

ing it. Out of a ring of broadly ovate leaves (under the water) rose a straight stem, twelve to fifteen inches in hight, crowned at the top with a cluster of dark crimson-velvet flowers, about the size and with the rich mealy bloom of the polyanthus. It is called, here, the "Alpine primrose," but I know of neither cowslip nor primrose that will compare with it. The odor is very peculiar, resembling that of Russia leather. Here is a treasure for our florists!

While we took our lunch and rested our bones Mr. Byers and White discussed the passage of the mountaies. Directly in front of us a depressiontin the firclad ridge indicated the summit of the pass, on either side of which bald, snowy peaks rose considerably above the timber line. White had crossed the range last week, with a drove of 22 Government horses; but he had gone considerably to the northward of the

last week, with a drove of 22 Government horses; but he had gone considerably to the northward of the pass, in order to avoid the snows. It was a question whether we should try to reopen the old trail, or follow his example and climb the frightful-looking steep on our right to a point beyond the timber. Heing a green band, I said nothing, but I felt relieved when the pass was selected, for the snows had been melting very rapidly, and I was convinced that we could falsify the predictions of our friends.

The horses were saddled, the mules repacked, and we set out upon the uncertain adventure. There was snow all around us; some drifts, even, lay on the meadow; and, even where it had melted, the soil was such an elastic, treacherous bog that we did not venture to ride. On all sides rills came rushing down, uprooted trees barred the way; or pools of blach mad had collected. It was impossible to follow the trail, although we could trace it by the marks of the shovels. Slowly, in single file, stopping every two minels. Slowly, in single file, stopping every two min-utes to lean upon our horses necks and gasp for breath, spattered with mud and wet with snow-water, we climbed through the forest, taking heart from the knowledge that this was our last hard pull. The trees rapidly grew thinner, the roaring rais became noise-less threads of water, the snow-drifts overlapped each other and must be waded, and then—the steep sud-denly flattened and a keen wind blew over the sum-

mit of the Pass.

It is a sharp crest, with not ten yards between the opposite declivities. Here there was an open space, covered with bunch grass among the fields of snow. We were just at the limit of timber, a little more than 11,000 feet above the sea-level. No general panorama of the range is visible, but there are inclosed views to the east and west. Behind us, a sweep of bleak, frosty summits, too near (apparently), too hard and sharp to be beautiful. Before us, far away over the deeps of endless dark green forest, a grand Alpine

Still further, 30 or 40 miles behind it, arose two great snowy pyramids, evidently beyond the North Park, and not inferior in hight to Mont Blane. This view was superior, in all the elements of sublimity, to anything I had seen since entering the mountains. In the center of the bare spot where we gathered grew a ranuculus, a blossom of which I transferred to my note-book.

rounding mountains. We had still a good wagon road, with rough bridges across the torrents which came down from every rocky gien. The pack-mules maliciously strayed hither and thither, shaking out of balance their hastily-arranged loads, and sometimes even hiding behind the trees in the hope of escaping their destiny.

The valley gradually narrowed, and we entered a defile far grander then anything I had yet sean'in the Rocky Mountains. On either side enormous masses of dark-red rock towered over our heads to the hight for fifteen hundred feet, so,torn and split into colosal towers, walls and buttresses, that every minute presented a new combination of forms. The bed of the content of the bare spot where we gathered grew a rannaculus, a blossom of which I transferred to my note-book.

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Planging into the drifts, wherein they sank to their thighs at nearly every step, they disappeared from sight, while we discussed the chances of reaching the Park before night. It was now 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the distance somewhere between 12 and 15 miles, and unknown hardships and perils on the way is a rannaculus. In the center of the bare yet to learn that fruit is the pleasantes and health-her yet to learn that fruit is the pleasantes and health-her yet to learn that fruit is the pleasantes and the likes yet to learn that fruit is the pleasantes and the likes part yet t therefore, determined to make a preliminary exploration. Planging into the drifts, wherein they sank to
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from sight, while we discussed the chances of reaching
the Park before night. It was now 2 o'clock in the
afternoon, the distance somewhere between 12 and 15
miles, and unknown hardships and perils on the way
—by no means an encouraging prospect! In half an
hour Mr. Byers and White made their appearance,
very nuch fagged and not particularly cheerful. The
former samply said: "We'll try it" and took his
horse's bridle. We followed, keeping the pack-mules
near the centre of the line, and commenced the
descent.

The snow, we soon found, is of very inegular tex-

where the continue that the size of some continue of the continue that the size of t

ourselves down before the fire (which had been imme-

ourselves down before the fire (which had been immediately kindled), too fatigued to be very conscious of rest. It was very fortunate that Mr. Summer has a taient for cooking; had the neal depended on either of us, I fear it would have been of the "square" order. A put of cofice—hot black and strong—soon circulated among us, a veritable lubricating oil to saiff joints and an anodyne to bruised massles.

There were no sougs and stories around the campfire. Each one made haste to find a portion of the earth's surface as little lumpy as possible, and dispose his blankets with a view to warmth and comfort. The artist and I united our stock of bedding, and I added a mattress of firboughs, but, we had little comfort during the night. The musketees were plentiful, the noises of the animals disturbed us, and toward fort during the night. She misselves were pleated in the noises of the animals disturbed us, and toward morning it became wretchedly cold. The meadow was flooded with splendid moonlight, and whenever I opened my eyes on the mysterious mazes of light and gloom in the depth of the forest, I became excited and seatless. It seemed a long while until the child dawn restless. It seemed a long while until the chilly dawn arrived; but then the last nap I took, while somebody else was kindling the fire, refreshed me more than all the broken sleep of the night.

ON THE BORDER.

DISSOLVING VIEWS OF THE WATERING PLACES-LONG BRANCH-UP THE HUDSON-A BIT OF MRANNESS, -SARATOGA-THE WORST FORM OF AMERICAN HOTEL LIFE-ELMS - FRUITS AT BREAKPAST-VANITY FAIR-LAKE GEORGE'AND LAKE TOROS-A STAGE RIDE-TICONDEROGA-AN EBULLITION OF ELOQUENCE-WATERING-PLACE ORTHOGRAPHY-LAKS CHAMPLAIN-NIAGARA FALLS-SLEEPING-CAR STATICS-CHICAGO-THE LAKE TUNNEL-A NEW TUNNEL-POLITICAL.

I-began on the other border—the sea berder—with a dissolving view of Long Branch. The long acres of hotels on that long strip of beach, with its long swell of ocean in front, were all stuffed. There were nearly 20,000 guests. But in the main they looked like comfortable people, quiet, self-contained, well bred. Here, every night, hundreds and hundreds of business men from the great Metropolitan sea came up to the surface to breathe but not to blow. Youngsters tumbled gleefully in the grass, maidens croqueted perseveringly on the lawns, elders bathed enjoyingly in the sobbing, mouning waves, and nature showed glimpses of her loving face to her tired

Then up the Hudson, the journey that never wearies. A delicious August day; vivid shores and shining waters; sprawling towns; peaceful farms with glaring white ouses and glorious shade-trees; cattle browsing soberly on the hills, or patiently turning up the black soil with glittering plowshare; sunlight and cloud-shadow; dappling white buckwheat, delicate corn, dark sward and darker woods; the sleepy Catskills-somber and rugged at hand, soft and transparent in distance; trains screech, ing by on the bank; little tugs gliding by on the river towing pleasure barges whose decks were a maze of white frocks, blue ribbons, straw hats, fluttering handkerchiefs and happy little faces.

"Dinner \$1; tea or coffee 25 cents extra." This exquisite bit of meanness is on the Albany day boats C. Vib-

we have substituted "George" for the mellow Indian "Horicon." But the longer lake is well named. Stoutheasted old Samuel Champlain, who founded Quebec and the Canadas, and who, deserted by all his mea save two, dared go,on a war expedition with the bloody Algonquins, discovering the placid lake upon which we sail to-day, deserved commonstion. Champlain is 130 miles long, and sometimes spreade out to 13, in width. But at several points it is only a quarter of a ming, across. A winding river rather than a lake, it is often less imposing than the Mississippi or the Ohio.

points it is only a quarter of a mag across. A white river rather than a lake, it is often less imposing than the Mississippi or the Onio.

At Ningara this season the hotels have been better filled than at most of the Summer resorts. Their capacity is 1580; in all there has been more than 6,000 visitors. This surpasses out other watering-places so immeasurably that I wonder the number is not far greater. But even Niagara has dwarfed sines I saw it last, I know the strong local tendency to declare that every life in the ground is larger than the Mammoth Cave, and every rill tumbling over a rock grander than Niagara. Yet Lithink few, after seeing Yosemite Valley and the Sierras, will place the Monarch of Waterfalls higher than third among our National curiosities.

The atmosphere of the sleeping-cars on the New-York Ceutral Road was that of a modern Black Hele; it was simply poison, Jean Valjean's tour among the sewers must have been fragrant in comparison. On the Michigan Central it was better, but still vicious. Why is thereon at a little ventilator at such pillow for the occupant to open or close at will? Now, one pays \$1.50 for an unper berth to be stiffed and poisoned; the asthmatic, or rheumatic, or dogmatic sleeper underneath will not open his window.

A third rail is being laid upon the Great Western road

rheumatic, or dogmatic sleeper underneath will not open his window.

A third rail is being laid upon the Great Western road of Canada. This, with a car-ferry across the river at Detroit, will enable freight cars from New York and Boston to come directly through to the Mississippi.

The great tunnel two miles under the Plake, to supply Chicago with pure water, will be completed in November. Its entire cost, with the new water works, will be something over half a million of dollars. A contract has just been let for a new tunnel under the South Chicago River, at Washington-st.; length, 1,400 feet; cost, \$270,000; time of construction, about two years. If it prove a success, tunnels will supersede all the opening bridges of the city, which are now so obstructed by the frequent passing of ships, as to be a public nuisance.

The present is the hottest political canvass ever witnessed in Illinois. The Union Republicans are confident of carrying the State by from 39,000 to 40,000 majority.

A. D. R.

LEAD-MINES OF ILLIANOIS AND WISCONSIN.

From Our Special Correspondent. DONGOLA, ILL., Aug., 1866.

HAZED GREEN MINES.

Having given a general description of the lead region, I will speak now of particular mines. Hazel Green mines, owned by Crawford Mills & Co, are 12 miles from Galena, and along the southern border of Wisconsin. They were first worked in 1826 by white men, and by Indians long before. The beautiful village of Hazel Green is near, and the whole region, except in the diggings, is covered with well improved farms. Here some of the best lodes were opened. Often as many as 500 Illinois miners were at work at one time. The rock is softer than elsewhere, When foreign miners came they made good wages inside of the ranges dug by Americans. 1 saw children working of the ranges dug by Americans. I saw children working over heaps of dirt made 30 years ago, and whole families are supported by this means. The practice is bad, for it leads to stening mineral when brought to the flumes to be washed. One successful miner told me that he believed that as much as \$19,000 worth of mineral had been stoken

from him.

In early days the Hazel Green miners paid no attention in small discoveries; they would get out a few hundred pounds, and if they did not strike rich leads they left their work and went elsewhere, and one might have gathered tuns. Afterward it was all picked up. The price was only

moring 31; tea or coffee 25 cents extra." This expensive the more and the point of the point of the point of the point of the point and baniel Drew. Why do they not catalogue roast beef as an "extra" The dinner is particularly bad. At Londox, Canada, on the Great Western Railway, a far better meal is given for 75 cents, and at Nileys, on the Michigan Central, one better mill for 65.

Upon Saratega Ichabod is written. I do not allinde to those children of Isnel, glittering with diamonds and redolent of onions, who throng its avonues and choke up its springs, and purison its hotel parlors. Only to its moving glories and diminished visiters. But if they are very few, they are also very bad. Here is American hotelifo in the worst and most aggravated form; publicity and loudness, blare and glore, veneer and vulgarity. The favorite evening promenade of the women is across the great hotel office, between twogrows of smoking loungers, gathered there to scratinize them. Yet methers bring their young dargiters, in the fresh bloom of girlish modesty and delicacy, to this ordical?

I write only of the largest botel. The Carendon is much quieter, with a better class of guests; but the huge Culon is the type house of Saratoga. Among its hundred of dwellers one can counted having of spooneys and dwellers one can counted having of spooneys and dwellers and well bred in dress and manner. As for the men, never hefore was such a gathering of spooneys and dwellers and well bred in dress and manner. As for the men for of our men; that when a plow bey rose to "the list circles" he bore himself as if to the manner born. The great satirist had never seen a Engishman who could do this. But to their eternal eredit, the few sensitive men each counted which were so other trees be beautiful; not even the pine of Washington Territory, nor the maderon of California. None of the many condigrations have burned down the old pig-stye which serves for real way station. There are no fruits at hreakfast; but in this Saratoga is not the chief of sin

his report of this region, states that the Galena mines do not promise endurance because he saw no action of fire in, the rocks, but in this mine it is abundant in iron pyrites, blend, black juck, and sulphur, blending, these specimens.

This mine is drained by an adit level, into which water from lover depths is pemped by steam. The property, including 160 acres, recently was sold for \$50,000. Farms which, so far as I could see, are just as valuable, and on which no prospecting has been done, can be bought in the vicinity for \$20 to \$40 an acre.

should study the subject and look. But to bring lead thence by teams will cost all it is worth. When the Pacufic Railroad is completed, it can be sent at a profit, for, thank the Lord, there will be at least two branches. We might as well have an Emperor in this country as only one Pacific Railroad.

M. 04M.

MUSICAL

MUSICAL EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS. These institutions are multiplying fast, too fast, we fear, for the demand for instruction. Those at precent in

These institutions are multiplying fast, too fast, we fear, for the demand for instruction. Those at precentin existence have a claim upon our respect because of the excellent names which are attached to the several circulars. The National Conservatory for Musdeal Instruction is now in the third year of Lita existence. The Musdeal Director, Mr. G. F. Bristow, is known as one of the first muricians of the country, intellectually and executively, and his long and varied experience in class instruction, to gether with his intimate knowledge of every branch of the musical ert, mark him out as admirably titled to sustain the position of directors of such an institution. He has associated with himself some of the first teachers in the country. The published list comprises the following names: Geoffle F. Bristow, Theory and Composition; Plano—Mme. Vm. Vincent Wallace, Ed. Hoffman; Theo. Boetteer, Wm. Wolf, C. A. de Szigethy and G. Weingarten; Vocal Musde—Mme. Ed. Loder and Signor Elidora Camps: Violin and Violoncello—Charles Richter; Flute—FaEben and H. Tissington. For other branches, the best teachers, will be furnished. The prestige of Mr. Bristow's name, together with those of his associates, brought to the National Conservatory over 200 pupils on the commencement of its term, Sept-3.

Edward Mollenhauer's Conservatory, though but recently established, has already the confidence of the public. Mr. Mollenhauer has had much experience in the business, and has associated with himself the following excellent and experienced teachers: Piano, Messrs. Lejeal, Wullenstein, Heydmann, Schrimpf, Mollenhauer, Groschel and A. Davis; Violin and Violoncello, Messrs. Ed. Mollenhauer will give semi-monthly concerts of classical music, with the assistance of his professors and his advanced pupils, to which all the pupils of his Conservatory will be entitled to free admission. This is both a popular and an instructive feature. The first concert of the series takes place this evening at Irving Hall.

The Anschutz Musical Institute is existence have a claim upon our respect because of the ex-

THE TRIBUNE.

THE REASON WHY TRIBUNES ARE SCARCE. To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribuas. SiR: In this morning's issue of your paper appeared a

couple of articles from different parties, complaining that "there appears to be an effort to suppress The Tribune in New Jersey." One of the complainants, Mr. Samuel S. Gaston of Newark, named several roads on which he says there is trouble in obtaining. The Tribunes, one of which is the New Jersey Central. For the information of the above gentleman and all concerned we would state that the circulation of The Tribune on this road has nearly trebled within the past eight weeks, and that of the whole number of the four prominent dailies which are circulated on the road more than one-third are Tribunes. If that is suppressing an paper I think you will say, "left them continue to suppress." The demand for The Tribunes increased so suddenly that it was impossible to make anything like a correct estimate of the number required and we have run short two or three times within the past month, but not often. Whatever might be our views on the political questions of the day, we would consider our selves unworthy of the large natronage we have if we did not endeavor to supply our patrons with the papers they choose, whether they were in accordance with our views or not; and if at any time they cannot get them, it will be caused by some of the many difficulties attencing the news business, and not from any desire of ours. Respectfully yours,

News Dealers, Central Railroad of New Jersey.

News Poelers, Central Railroad of New Jersey. there appears to be an effort to suppress THE TRIBUNE in

HOW TO GET THE TRIBUNE.

Sin: During Several years' residence up town I Six: During Several years' residence up town I menced to yield after a few days' work. The bed rock dips to the east; constant pumping is required, and the minerel grows heavier as it goes down. They say it will be profitable to mine 100 feet deep.

These are five miles from Galena, were opened some years ago, and after being worked 40 feet they seemed exhausted. A pump, rin by water, was set at work: it runs night and day, and over 1,000,000 pounds have been taken out.

MARSDEN'S MINE.

This is five miles from Galena. A few years ago, a farmer, in digring a diich to clear a spring, struck his spade on a solid sheet at the bottom of the spring. A shaft was sunk through this 15 feet, when they came to a large flat opining 100 feet wide, containing a solid sheet 10 to 15 inches thick. Fifty feet below this was another opening containing mineral, and now, on three-fourths of an acre, about 7,000,000 pounds have been takenount. Owen, this report of this region, states that the Galena mines do not promise endurance because he saw no action of fire in the rocks, but in this mine it is abundant in iron pyritos, blend bleek inck, and sulbony, blendingthese specimens.

To The Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: Last week I commenced taking your paper, and already it has found its way to my heart. I admire its firm, outspoken, unfinching devotion to the cause of right and off ruth. I am glad to know that its circulation is largely on the increase; it is so to this city. May it continue to increase until its just and rightcons sentiments pervade every heart to the land. Brooklyn, Sept. 12, 1866.

THE TRIBUNE.-The circulation of THE NEW-YORK THE TRIBUNE.—The circulation of THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE is 35,000 copies larger than it was on the lat of August. The course adorsed by The Turbune is approved by every loyal man. It is firm and unflinching in its demand that justice able done though the leavens fall striking treachant blows against every form of disloyalty or subserviency to "my policy," and carnest in its efforts to see mold public sentiment that manhood shall be the test, of political equality, and honor alone be the orice of political preferment. The Turbune is well edited itself its department; its special reports are clear, full, and trutiful; its miscellaneous letters from correspondents are always readable; and its news is fresh and well arranged. We pronounce the universal verdict in calling The Terrent the, best paper in America.—A Meadville Republican.

THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE announces that its circulation has increased 35,000 copies since the 1st of August. In Pulladelphia, last week, the demand for THE THEUNE was so great that an extra supply of 6,000 copies per day did not satisfy the public. This is an evidence that the people are allye to the issues of the day. THE WEEKLY THEUNE for September 5 contains the letter of Henry Ward Beecher upon the Johnson policy, and for reply of Horace Greeley, which have already become famous. (Bucks County (Pa.) Intelligencer.

THE DAILY COMMERCIAL will be the title of the first daily paper issued in Delaware. It will be edited by Mr. Howard M. Jenkins, assisted by John N. Williams, known as the author of humorous articles over the signatures of "B. Dadd " and "A. Ward, jr.," and W. T. Croasdale, late of The Georgetown (Pa.) Usion. Mr. Jenkins will make The Commercial a sound Republican journal of progress, and we wish him much success. The first number will be published Sept. 24, at Wilmington.

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DIRECTIONS FOR MEASURING THE FO First. Place the foot on a piece of paper a race the outline of the same with a poucil, which ill give the length and spread of the foot as show ell give the length and spreas of the second of the second. Make the following measurements, is second. Make the following measure, as shown in inches and frequency, with tape measure, as shown in figure B, vis:

1.—The Hall of the Foot.



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